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The LONE RANGER

HUNTER'S HOLLOW

As the Lone Ranger and Tonto reach
town, they find the lawmen from Galena County...

WELL, MIGHT ANY I
DON'T SAY WHO YOU
ARE, BUT IF THIS IS A
TRICK, MY MEN ARE
COVERING YOU!

EVERYONE PROMISED
TO LEAD YOU TO THE
OUTLAW HIDEOUT
CAMP! TURNING THE
TURNER GANG!



BY TURNER HE'S RIGHT!
COVER THOSE CRITTERS!



REACH!

DEEP YOUR GUNS!



YEOW!



I'M SORRY!

WE GOT THE
TURNER GANG!

...BUT NOT
THE LONE RANGER
AND HIS SECOND
IN COMMAND!
THEY'RE
MISSING!





MOST OF THE CATTLE ARE NEAR THE RIVER BED! I WANT EVERY MAN WHO CAN RIDE TO HELP MOVE THE HERDS TO HIGHER GROUND!

WE'RE WITH YOU, TURNER!



SOON...

SEE, IT WORKED! THE TOWN'S PLUMB DEPLETED OF MEN!

THAT'LL ONLY LEAVE THE TURNERY TO TAKE CARE OF! COME ON, BOYS!



DEX TURNER!—AND THE MONSIEURS ARE ALL IN THE HILLS!

BOOM!
BLAM!

KEEP BACK AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!—THERE'S THE MILL, MEN! LET'S OPEN IT UP!



THAT'S IN BLAZES! TURNER!

DON'T DROWN!



OWW!

GRAB HIS REINS!





1000

THE FLAMEST

THESE'S THE MITCHELL BROWN MEN!
WE'RE HOLDIN' UP IN THIS PLACE!
LET'S GET OUT OF THE SQUATTERS!
THESE PRINCE!

GET YOUR OWN

Blank

[illegible]

I WANT IT FORTIFIED AND
GUARDED! THIS IS GOIN' TO
BE OUR HOME! FROM HERE,
WE STRIKE AT THE
OTHER RANCHES!

QING

BLANK

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FINCH AFTER FINCH 22.15

BEFORE TOO LATE,
SHERIFF! THE BOUTON
RANCH IS UP IN
FLAMES!

SURE WITH THE
MURDERED MAN AND
HIS MOTHER PAUL WERE
HERE--WE NEED HELP

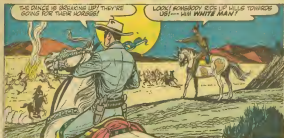
THE FOLLOWING ARE:

TONTS ACCORDING TO WORD
WE'VE RECEIVED TLOMER AND
HUSTON COUPLED BACK AND
ARE NEAR GILBERT COUNTY
NOW!

READ! READ!
SINGING SONGS!
IT BETTER NOW
NOT MOUNT SURE
AND SEE-LINE!

0224

100





**QUICKLY! SLIM BARRY TELLS OF THE TERROR
THAT HAS STRUCK SALVAGE...**

LAST NIGHT THE GANG
WENT AFTER THE
CIRCLE. A KILLED THREE
MEN AND BURNED
THE RANCH!

IF TURNER HAS ALL THESE
MEN, WE'LL NEED SOME
OUTSIDE HELP! SON-OF-
A-BITCH! WE'LL GO FOR THE TROOPS
THAT ENTERED SOUTH OF HERE!



WE CAN'T PULL OUT
NOW—THE WHOLE
TROOP'S OUT LOOKIN'
FOR US!

TURNER WILL LEAVE
IN THE MORNING
AND BRING THE
TROOPS BACK ON THE
POLICE!









SOON AFTER, AT THE CAPTURED MITCHELL BLANCH...

BOBBY I'VE FOUND 'EM!

GREAT! I HAD A LUNCH
THAT'S CONSIDERED WERE
STILL IN THESE PARTS?
WHERE ARE THEY?



AT WINTER'S
HOLLON!

SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF
THAT SHOT RIGHT OFF!
THEY'RE PROTECTED FROM
THE NORTH AND SOUTH, BUT
THERE ARE GENTLE RIDGES
EAST AND WEST!



WELL, TOP
THE EAST
RIDGE AT
DAWN AND
JONAS' MEN
OULD THE
VALLEY!

NOT SO FAST, BILLY! THEY'LL
BE EXPECTIN' US! TWENTY
MEN'LL HIT THEM FROM THE
WEST--THAT'LL DRAW
AWAY THEIR GUNS FROM
THE EAST, WHERE THE MAIN
PARTY'LL STRIKE!



DAMN...

EVERY MAN'S POINTED
OUT THERE! NARY A GUN
ON THE OUTLAW'S MEN
ARE GETTIN' LOSIN'!

THIS IS THE BEST TIME
FOR AN ATTACK, WE
MUST BE PREPARED
IF IT COMES!



SHOTS FROM ACROSS THE VALLEY!
THEY'RE COMIN' UP THE WEST SIDE!

WHEW!
HEAR!

BUT HOW MANY
ARE THERE?



MUST BE ALL OF 'EM, THERE
AIN'T A SOUND FROM THE
EAST SIDE! LET'S GET ALL
OUR MEN OVER THERE
PRONT!

NO! THERE ARE
ENOUGH MEN TO
HOLD THE WEST
SIDE! THIS MAY
BE A PUNT--WE'LL
STAY HERE!









IT DIDN'T WORK, NISTER!
THEY'RE COMIN' UP!



THEY'RE JUST SHORT
OF THE WALL!

KEEP FIRING!



OUR AMMUNITION'S
LOW!

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE
EVERY SHOT COUNT!



BUT AS THE BANGERS FIGHT ON,
THE GANG ADVANCES...

THEY'VE REACHED
THE WALL!

COME ON, BOYS!
YOUR LEAD ON 'EM!



SURPRISE...
TA- TA- TA- FAAAA!

THE CAVALRY! THEY'RE COMING OVER
THE WESTERN HILLS! HOLD OUT JUST
A LITTLE LONGER!







SARAH WINNEMUCCA THE PAIUTE PRINCESS

THE PAIUTES OF NEVADA WERE ONE TRIBE OF INDIANS WHO ALWAYS REPEATED THE WHITE STRANGER. OLD CHIEF WINNEMUCCA HAD GUIDED THE AMERICAN EXPLORER, JOHN C. FREMONT, HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, TOCAMTORE, WHO LATER TOOK THE NAME SARAH WINNEMUCCA, PROVED A GREAT INFLUENCE IN KEEPING HER TRIBE AT PEACE WITH THE WHITE SETTLERS DURING THE 1840'S.



SEPTEMBER 1914
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

OLD CHIEF WINNEMUCCA DETERMINED THAT ONE MEMBER OF HIS TRIBE WOULD LEARN THE WHITE MAN'S KNOWLEDGE. HE SENT HIS GRANDDAUGHTER TO A MISSION SCHOOL AT SAN JOSE.



SHE OFTEN WAS ASKED TO SPEAK BEFORE THE TRIBE BECAUSE SHE UNDERSTOOD THE AMERICAN SETTLERS. HER FATHER, YOUNG CHIEF WINNEMUCCA, SURRENDERED MORE AND MORE OF THE TRIBE'S LEADERSHIP TO HIS DAUGHTER. EVENTUALLY, SHE HAD MORE AUTHORITY THAN EVEN HER GRANDFATHER, OLD CHIEF WINNEMUCCA.



SOON SARAH WAS AN EXPERT INTERPRETER. HER INTELLIGENCE AND UNDERSTANDING MADE HER KNOWN THROUGHOUT HER TRIBE.



BUT THE CONDITION OF THE PAIUTES BECAME CONSTANTLY WORSE. CIVILIAN AGENTS IN CHARGE OF TRADING POSTS ON THE RESERVATION WERE ROBBERING THE INDIANS. SARAH PREPARED FOR A TRIP TO WASHINGTON. SHE WOULD GO TO THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF!



BUT TROUBLE WAS ON THE WAY! THE SARRACK INDIANS STARTED A WAR WITH THE SETTLERS AND THEIR CHIEF, BUFFALO HORN, CONVINCED MANY PAINTED THAT THE WAR WAS JUST. THEY KIDNAPPED SARAH'S FATHER, AND JOINED THE REBELS.



SOLDIERS WERE ON THE WAY! SARAH'S FIRST STEP WAS TO CONVINCE THE AMERICAN OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE FIRST TROOPS TO HOLD OFF THE ATTACK. A WOMAN ACTUALLY DELAYED THE AMERICAN ARMY BY SHEER FORCE OF ARGUMENT!



SARAH STOLE INTO THE SARRACK'S CAMP. SHE AGREED WITH THE LEADING BRAVES GATE. THEY WERE READY TO RESIST THE SARRACKS.



BEFORE THE SARRACKS KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, SARAH LED HER FATHER AND ALL THE PRISONERS FROM THE WAR CAMP.



DURING THE REST OF THE WAR, SARAH SERVED AS SCOUT AND INTERPRETER. THE SARRACKS WERE BEATEN AND THE TRIBE THANKED SARAH FOR SAVING THEM FROM INEVITABLE DESTRUCTION.



A LARGE PART OF THE REST OF HER LIFE WAS SPENT IN TEACHING THE INDIAN CHILDREN. WHITE SAYS SARAH DETERMINED THAT HER KNOWLEDGE SHOULD BE SPREAD AMONG HER PEOPLE. SHE CONTRIBUTED MORE TO LASTING PEACE IN OUR COUNTRY THAN MANY GENERALS AND SOLDIERS!



LITTLE MAN'S LOOT

REPRODUCED, WITH THE
AUTHOR'S PERMISSION, BY LITTON CO.



Back and forth, Little Man stepped, treading the moist clay with his bare feet—back and forth in the hollow of the rock, squeezing out all the air bubbles that might make a clay pot crack when it was put into the oven. His mother left her pot-making and came over to her small son with a smile. She picked up the big clay water jug with the handsome red and black designs on it, and poured a little water onto the soft clay.

"You are doing well, Little Man," she said. "But I shall have to bring more water from the river. I will take the other jug. This one is not quite empty."

Little Man watched her lift the spare jug easily to her head, and move light-footed down the cliff upon which the cave-village was built. He looked out across the flat roofs of the many houses, and up at the bulge of the upper cliff, which made a sort of roof over the town. He sniffed the odors of cooking—corn bread, boiled squash, with wild onions and pepper. Little Man loved it all!

Last week he had been out on his first

hunting trip with his father. He had been homesick, and the Apaches had nearly caught them. Now that he was home again, he never wanted to leave—

"My beads! My blue turquoise beads have been stolen! Some cursed thief—"

The harsh voice of Yellow Bull, the old medicine man, broke in on his happy thoughts. Yellow Bull climbed out of his doorway and began striding up and down, waving his fist and shouting in anger.

"They were sacred beads! Unless they are returned, a curse will fall on all of us! Everything will go wrong, do you hear? ALL THE NEW POTS AND JUGS WILL BREAK IN THE FURNACE! The young turkeys will catch cold and die! AWA-AGH! The Great Spirit will be angry until the beads are found!"

Little Man stood shivering as the angry voice went on and on. The thought of such dreadful things seemed to paralyze him. He did not even see the big tom turkey that came stalking toward him, looking for spilled corn.

The turkey stopped, eyeing the water jug. Suddenly he hopped onto its rim. There was a fluttering and a great crash. The jug lay in pieces!

Little Man moaned. It was his mother's best jug. Already Yellow Bull's curse was beginning to fall! He turned away, covering his eyes—and stumbled over a pottery ladle. The ladle flew against the wall of Little Man's house and shattered. Terrified now, Little Man picked himself up and ran—anywhere to get away!

His bare toes found the niches cut in the lower cliff. Reaching the ledge below, he fled around the corner, and climbed to the crevice between the wall of Yellow Bull's house and the weathered cliff. A stunted bush grew there. Little Man crawled behind it, and crouched there sobbing. He would be blamed for the broken jug and the broken ladle—and perhaps for the stolen beads, too. He was innocent—but that would not help him! He could never go home now!

A scurrying on the rock behind him made him turn. It was only a pack rat! Little Man could see the end of its tail disappear into a hole in the cliff. The rock around the hole looked much weathered and cracked. Little Man began pulling out chunks of it—having nothing better to do. In surprisingly few minutes he had uncovered the mouth of a little cave.

He crawled in. Here the chill evening wind could not reach him. There were pebbles on the floor, but Little Man brushed them aside, curled up, and tried to sleep.

The next thing he knew, morning sun was shining into his eyes! Little Man opened them, saw where he was, and stretched. His hand touched the pebbles on the floor. THEY WERE BLUE! They were polished, blue and tan—the beads of Yellow Bull! The pack rat had stolen them, and hidden them here!

Little Man looked around. There were several valuable arrowheads, many pieces of broken pots and jugs, a turquoise bracelet that his father had lost a year ago, a shell



pendant, also belonging to Yellow Bull—treasure to make one rich for life! But it didn't belong to Little Man. He could keep it hidden—but then a terrible curse would surely follow, upon him and all of his people. "The sin of one is the curse of all!" Yellow Bull had said.

Quickly Little Man stripped the small branches from the stunted bush, and the bark from the thicker stems. With eager fingers he bound the withes into a rough basket, then filled the basket with all the pack rat's loot.

The village was just waking when Little Man appeared on the ledge below his house. Granny Ituka, the Basket Maker, saw him first, and called out the news. "Little Man has come home!"

All the people came running. His mother was the first to reach him. Before she could ask him any questions, he poured his loot out on the ground for all to see.

A great gasp went up—and a shout of joy from Yellow Bull. Then his mother's arms were around Little Man. She was saying, "My Son, you have made us all very happy! But your father and I are the happiest of all, because we have you back, safe and well!"

YOUNG HAWK

WE OUGHT TO FIND SOME
DOWN THERE, YOUNG HAWK!

YES, HIGH CLOUD---A
RABBIT, OR AT LEAST
A BIRD!



MOVING DEEP INTO THE RUINED COUNTRY OF CANYONS AND MESAS--TO ESCAPE MARAUDING APACHES---
YOUNG HAWK AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE BEEN TOO LONG WITHOUT FOOD...

IF WE DON'T ELL
SOME GAME PRETTY
SOON, I'LL EAT MY
Moccasins---OR
MY PARROT!

HIGH CLOUD AND I
ARE JUST AS HUNGRY
AS YOU ARE, LITTLE
BUCK! REMEMBER---
A WARRIOR OF THE
HANGING DOES NOT
COMPLAIN!



AIM WELL, MY
CHILDREN!

YIP!
APP--APP!



AS THEY REACH THE BRUSHY CANYON FLOOR, A PAIR OF
SAGE HENS FLY UP.

YIP!
TAPP!

BOTH OF THEM! NOW WE'LL
EAT, YOUNG HAWK!



UMMM--MMMM!
I COULD EAT SIX
OF THEM--- ALL
BY MYSELF!

IT'S LUCKY YOU DON'T
HAVE THE CHANCE, LITTLE
BUCK! YOU'D BE TOO
FULL TO WALK.



THIS CANYON RUNS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION FOR US---BUT WE MUST KEEP BOTH EYES OPEN! FOR GAME AND FOR APPROACH!



HUNT! LISTEN! AN ANGRY BUFFALO--- IN THIS SIDE CANYON!

A BUFFALO? BUT THIS IS NOT THEM RANGE! WE HAVE SEEN NO HORN...



UHH! UHH- UHH! UHH- AWWW!

THAT IS A STRAY GULL--- AND SEE WHO IS HUNTING HIM?

PUEBLO WARRIORS!



UHH- ahhh!



CORNERED, THE SHASTY BEAST CHALLENGES THE FIGURES EDGING TOWARD HIM ALONG THE CANYON'S SIDES.

UHH! UHH! UHH!



WHEN THE OTHERS ARE IN PLACE, TWO DARING HUNTERS WALK TOWARD THE BEAST, WITH READY BOWS....

UHH! UHH! UHH!



AS THE BUFFALO CHARGES, ONE MAN LOOSES HIS ARROW.



...AND TURNS TO FURNISH THE SECOND HUNTER SCORES---
DEEP IN THE BUFFALO'S FLANKS.



AT THE LAST MINUTE, THE DARING BRAVE
LEAPS STRAIGHT UP... TO SAFETY! THE
BULL PLUMS TO A HALT.

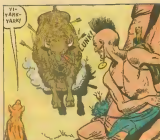


...AND AT A SIGNAL, ALL THE BOWSTINGS
RUN THEIR DEADLY SONS.



BRISTLING WITH ARROWS, THE GREAT BEAST GALLOPS
FELLOWS TO THE CANYON'S MOUTH.







QUICKLY, THE GREAT CARCASS IS SKINNED AND CUT UP...



THREE CANYONS AWAY, THE HUNTERS AND THEIR THREE GUESTS APPROACH THE INDIAN CITY, ITS STONE WALL RISING FOUR STOREYS HIGH...



AT THE TOP OF THE WALL THE STRANGERS ARE WARMLY GREETED BY THE CITY'S CHIEF MEN.



A SPECIAL FEAST WITH THE CITY'S CHIEFS COMPLETES THE WELCOMING CEREMONY...



EVEN THE YOUTHS OF THE CITY GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO BE FRIENDLY...







BACK AND FORTH THE GAME SURGES! THEN SUDDENLY, YOUNG HARK SEES THE BALL BOUNCE IN FRONT OF HIM. HE RAISES HIS KNEE...HARK!



A GOAL FOR YOUNG HARK---AND YOU, A RESERVER! YOUR "MEDICINE" IS VERY STRONG!

IT WAS LUCK, TALL BULL. I SAW THE CHANCE AND TRIED MY BEST!

WOOO!
WOOO!



A YELL TURNS ALL EYES ON TUMBLEWEED---WHOSE PLAYFULNESS HAS STOLEN THE PRECIOUS BALL---AND THE "SHOW"!



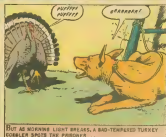
DODGING OUT OF THE BALL COURT, THE MISCHIEF-MAKER HEADS FOR THE CREEK...WITH ALL THE PLAYERS AFTER HIM.



AT THE WRONG MOMENT, TUMBLEWEED TURNS TO TAUNT HIS PURSUERS...



...AND GOES HEADS OVER HEELS INTO THE STREAM





CONQUEROR OF THE APACHE



ASIDE FROM WIDELY SCATTERED FERTILE VALLEYS, THE LAND OF THE APACHE WAS AN ARID, ROCKY, SUN-SCORCHED WASTELAND. IN SUCH BARREN COUNTRY, IT SEEMED THE INDIANS WOULD BE FREE FROM THE WHITE MAN'S EVER WESTWARD MARCH. HOWEVER, ALWAYS SEEKING GOLD AND LUSH VALLEYS FOR THEIR CATTLE, THE WHITE MAN STEADILY INVADED APACHE LAND.

LEADING THE FIERCE WARRIORS AGAINST ALL THE HATED PALEFACES WAS COCHISE, THE APACHE'S GREAT CHIEFTAIN. FALSELY ACCUSED FOR CRIMES OTHER TRIBES COMMITTED, COCHISE LAY WASTE TO SETTLEMENTS, CLEVERLY AMBUSHED SOLDIERS UNTIL IT SEEMED THE SOUTHWEST WOULD BE RULED BY THE INDIANS ONCE AGAIN.

BUT A NEW ENEMY OF THE APACHE ENTERED THE WAR. GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER, SENT WELL-EQUIPPED TROOPERS FROM EVERY ARMY CAMP IN ARIZONA INTO THE FIELD WITH STRICT ORDERS, TO "LOCATE, HARASS AND SUBDUCE THE LAST WARLIKE APACHE." CROOK'S WARFARE PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE APACHES AND THEY ASKED FOR PEACE. CROOK PROVED THEIR BEST FRIEND. HE SETTLED THEM ON RESERVATIONS TO THEIR LIKING AND SAW TO IT THAT THEY WERE TREATED FAIRLY.



The jaguar is the only wild animal in North America who
encounters man-to-man. His range extends into northern

Mexico where he is called "El Tigre." It is interesting
that he can live among brush, trees or in swampy areas

Painting of the American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

